

THE EXAMINER

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

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WHOLE NUMBER 100.

THE EXAMINER;

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PAUL SEYMOUR,

Proprietor.

Magnum among the Shakers.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

One of the brethren from a Shaker settlement in our neighborhood, called on me the other day. I was staying with a friend, in whose atmosphere there is a moral power, analogous to some chemical test, which detects from every form of humanity whatever of sweet and genial is in it. Our visitor was an old acquaintance, and an old member of his order, having joined it more than forty years ago with his wife and two children. I have known marked individuals among these people, and yet it surprises me when I see an original stamp of character, surviving the extinguishing monotony of life, or rather suspended animation among them. What God has impressed cannot be effaced. To a child's eye, each leaf of a tree is like the other; to a philosopher's, each has its distinctive mark.

Our friend W.'s individuality might have struck a careless observer. He has nothing of the angular, crusty, silent aspect of his brethren, but rather a perfect countenance that they have given to the brother of the well and found the pearl truth, while all the rest of the world look upon them as the bottom of a well indeed; but without the pearl, and with only so much light as may come in through the little aperture that communicates with the outward world. Neither are quite right; the Shaker has no monopoly of truth or holiness, but we believe he has enough of both to lead a dusky path to heaven. Friend W.—is a man of no pretension whatever; but content in conscious mediocrity. We were at dinner when he came in; but friend W.—is too childlike or too simple, to be disturbed by any observance of conventional politeness. He declined an invitation to dine, saying he had eaten and was not hungry, and seated himself in the corner, after depositing some apples on the table, of rate size and beauty.

'I have brought some notions, too,' he said, 'for you, B.—' and he took from his simple pocket his handkerchief, in which he had tied up a parcel of sugar plums and peppermints. B.—accepted them most affably, and without any apparent recollection, shifted them from the old man's handkerchief to an empty plate beside her. 'Half of them,' he said, 'remember, B.—are for you.' You both played and sang to me last summer—I don't forget it. She is a lively woman, and makes the music sound almost as good as when I was young.' This was enthusiasm in the old Shaker; but to us it sounded strangely, who knew that she who had so kindly condescended to call back brother W.'s words, had held a more extensive intercourse with her genius. Brother W.—is a general old man, and fifty years of abstinence from the world's pleasures has not made him forget or condemn them. He resembles the jelly fiars in conventional life, who never relax, and are therefore allowed to go with out bits or reins, and in a very easy harness. There is no galling in restraint where there is no desire for freedom. It is the 'immortal longings' that make the friction in life. After dinner, B.—, at brother W.'s request, sat down to the piano, and played for him the various tunes that were the favorites in rustic inland life forty years ago. First the Highland Reel, then 'Monk's Walk.' 'I remember who I danced that with,' he said, 'Sophy Drury. The ball was held in the school room at Cheek's fields. She is tight built, and fond of music as a rose, (past and present were confounded in brother W.'s imagination.) I went home with Sophy—it was as light as air, and near upon day—they were pleasant tunes.' concluded the old man, but without one sigh of regret, and with a gleam of light from his twinkling grey eye. 'There have been no such pleasant times since, brother W.—, has there?' asked B.—, with assumed or real sympathy. 'I can't say that B.—, it has been all along pleasant. I have had what others call comes, but I don't look at them that way—what's the use, B.—?' The old man's philosophy struck me. There was no record of a cross in his round jolly face. 'Were you married,' I asked, 'when you joined the Shakers?' 'Oh, yes; I married at twenty; it never too soon nor too late to do right, you know, and it was right for me to marry according to the light I had then. May you think it was a cross to part from my wife; all men don't take it so; but I own I should; I liked Jane. She is a peaceable woman, and we lived in unity, but it was rather hard on me, and so we walked out of the world together, and took our two children with us. In the society she was the first woman handy in all cases. 'And she is still with you?' 'No. Our girl took a notion and went off, and got married, and my wife went after her; that's natural for mothers, you know.

'I went after Eunice, and tried to persuade her to come back, and she felt so; but it's hard routing out mother love; it's planned deep, and spreads wide; so I left her to nature, and troubled myself no more about it, for what was the use? My son, too, took a liking to a young English girl, and was one of our sisters; may be you have seen her? We had all seen her and admired her fresh English beauty, and deploring her fate.' Well, she was a picture, and speaking after the manner of men, as good as she was handsome. They went off together. I could not much blame them, and I took no steps after them; for what was the use? But come, B.—strike up again; play 'Haste to the wedding.' B.—played, and our old friend sang or chanted a low accompaniment; in which the dancing, and the Shaker nasal chant all his favorite airs, and said, 'You do love dancing, brother W.—?' 'Yes, to be sure; but I mean such dances as we have to come over and see us dance! 'Why, may be I should.'

'And would not you like to dance with one of our pretty young ladies, brother W.—?' 'May be I should; the old man's face lit up joyously—but he smiled and shook his head, 'they would not let me, B.—, they would not let me.' Perhaps the old Shaker's imagination wandered for a moment from the very straight path of the brotherhood, but it was but a moment. His face reverted to its placid passiveness, and he said, 'I am perfectly content. I have enough to eat and drink;—every thing good after its kind, too; good clothes to wear, a warm bed to sleep in, and just as much work as I like, and no more.' 'All this and heaven too; of which the old man felt perfectly sure, was quite enough to fill the measure of a Shaker's desires.

'Now, B.—, said he, you think so much of your dances, I wish you could see one of our young sisters dance, when we go up to Mount Holly. She has the whirlwind gift; she will spin round like a top on one foot, for half an hour, all the while seeing visions, and receiving revelations.

This whirling is a recent gift of the Shakers. The few 'world's folk' who have been permitted to see its exhibition, compare its subjects to the whirling Dervishes.

'Have you any other new inspiration?' I asked. 'Gifts, you mean? Oh, yes; we have visions. It's a wonderful mystery to me. I never was much for looking into mysteries; they rather scare me! Naturally enough, poor childlike old man! 'What brother W.—, I asked, do you mean by a visionist?'

'I can't exactly explain,' he replied. 'They see things that the natural eye can't see, and hear, and touch, and taste, with inward senses. As for me, I never had any kind of gifts, but a contented mind, and submission to those in authority, and I don't see at all into this new mystery. It makes me of a tremble when I think of it. I'll tell you how it acts. Last summer I was among our brethren in York State, and when I was coming away, I went down into the garden to take leave of a young brother there. He asked me if I would carry something for him to Vesta. Vesta is a young sister, famous for her spiritual gifts, whirling, &c.—I could have added for I had seen Vesta; for other less questionable gifts in the world's estimation; a light graceful figure, graceful even in the Shaker straight jacket, and a face like a young Sybil's. 'Well,' continued brother W.—, 'the put his hand in his pocket as if to take out something, and then stretching it to me, he said, 'I want you to give this white pair to Vesta.' I felt to take something, though I saw nothing, and sort of a trickling heat ran through me; and even now, when I think of it, I have the same feeling, fainter, but the same. When I got home I asked Vesta if she knew that young brother. 'Yes,' she said. I put my hand in my pocket and took it out again, to all earthy seeming as empty as it went in, and stretched it out to her. 'Oh, a white pair!' she said. As I hope for salvation, every word that I tell you is true,' concluded the old man. It was evident he believed every word of it to be true. The incredulous may imagine that there was some clandestine intercourse between the 'young brother' and 'young sister,' and that simple old brother Wilcox was merely made the medium of a fact or sentiment, symbolized by the white pair. However that may be, it is certain that animal magnetism has penetrated into the cold and dark recesses of the Shakers.

We have received the first number of the Minnesota Register, a paper just commenced at St. Paul, in the new territory. It is a handsome and spirited sheet, independent in politics, edited by Mr. A. RANDALL, who has been engaged during the past two years as a member of the corps of scientific men employed by the General Government in a geological survey of the territory. If the succeeding numbers are as good as this one, the paper will deserve to be paid for and read by every family in the territory. Though we have lately published several accounts of the country, we make room for the following extract from the Register, for which our readers will thank us:

The Mississippi river, for a distance of over two hundred miles north of the mouth of the St. Croix, runs through a rich valley of prairie and oak openings; the banks above the Falls of St. Anthony are from ten to thirty feet high; the river runs over a gravelly bed, and is fed by innumerable small rivers of clear and rapid water; no marshes or low ground of stagnant water are found in the vicinity, consequently the country is free from fever and ague and bilious diseases that are so common farther south. The soil is rich and admirably adapted for raising wheat, corn, and potatoes. Vegetables yield plentifully, and there is not a better country in the world for raising stock. The farmer finds a ready market for all of his surplus crops; nearly half a million dollars will be paid out annually to the Indian tribes and for support of the military establishment above the falls of St. Anthony;—this amount is paid in specie by the agents of the Government, and a large portion finds its way into the pockets of the farmers and mechanics, in exchange for their produce and labor.

On the St. Croix and its tributaries the pine is very extensive, and hundreds of laborers find steady employment, good prices, and ready pay. Above the mouth of the Crow Wing River, on the Mississippi, the piney extends north for three or four hundred miles; it is one of the most extensive in the world, and the day is not far distant when it will supply the Valley of the Mississippi with building material. The country bordering upon the head waters of this river is strewn with large and beautiful lakes, which are filled with excellent fish. The white-fish are found in them in great abundance and of a very large size, even larger than those in Lake Superior; Red Lake is over 100 miles in circumference; Leech Lake more than 60, and probably one-fourth part of the country is covered with lakes of the purest water. The sugar-maple is found in great abundance upon the streams and some of the lakes, and the land is of the finest quality. So soon as the Indian title is extinguished, thousands of lumbermen will find employment in the north. At the mouth of Crow Wing River there is now a Fort in progress of erection; the site was selected by Gen. Brooke last summer; it has been

named by the War Department 'Fort Gaines.' Two companies, one of dragoons and one of infantry, have been assigned to garrison it. Another Fort is now in contemplation by the Government; it will probably be located near the head waters of Sank River, about 70 miles west of Fort Gaines. The attention of the government has also been directed to the importance of establishing a large Fort on the Red River of the North; the British Government has already established one on her side of the line, Fort Gary, and garrisoned it with 400 men.

The valley of Red River is one of the richest valleys in the world—mostly rich prairie, skirted with fine groves of timber. The population of the valley of this river is nearly 20,000; mostly half breeds; although there are a great many English, Scotch and French farmers of the first class. The principal settlements are north of the line, and the inhabitants British subjects; they raise large herds of cattle, horses and sheep. Beef, pork, wheat, flour, flax, wool and potatoes are cheap and abundant; heretofore the trade of this settlement has gone to the Hudson Bay, but the settlers are now turning their attention south; the Fort now building remove the only obstacle that has been in their way; fear of the Sioux Indians of the plains. Last summer about 500 carts came down from Lord Selkirk's settlement, loaded with the products of their country, and with money and furs to purchase supplies from our merchants. They were much pleased, and from 1,000 to 2,000 are expected down the coming summer.

It is to be hoped, and has been strongly recommended, that our government will make a treaty with the northern Indians for the purchase of the valley of the Red River south of the 49th deg., and so soon as it shall be done it will be filled with an industrious and moral set of hardy pioneers, who will soon enrich themselves and the country from the bountiful crops the soil will produce. We hazard nothing in saying that Minnesota before the close of this year will contain 20,000 people. A more intelligent, industrious and moral population cannot be found. The inhabitants are mostly from the Northern States, and we venture nothing in saying that they cannot excel in enterprise or true worth. The climate is remarkably healthy, and well suited to Eastern people. Four years ago, one boat a month at St. Paul, Stillwater, and St. Peters, was looked upon as an event worthy of notice. Last summer the arrivals amounted to 154. St. Paul has sprung up as if by magic; it now contains nearly 1,000 inhabitants, and is the largest town in the territory except Stillwater, which is situated at the head of Lake St. Croix, and the most northern point of certain steamboat navigation in the valley of the Mississippi. Stillwater is a large and flourishing town, filled with fine and beautiful cottages that would do credit to an eastern village, with churches, schools, &c.; it has two large and well conducted hotels, where travelers can be well accommodated; it is about twenty miles north-east from the Falls of St. Anthony. Part of the plan of the city is a plan of a hunting and trout-fishing near this place; the scenery is magnificent, wild and beautiful. The health of the place is unequalled, and will doubtless be resorted to by invalids and persons of pleasure; it has several large and well filled stores, at which every necessary and many luxuries can be had at moderate rates.

At St. Paul there are two good public houses, built with a reference to the comfort of pleasure parties visiting the Falls of St. Anthony; there is also a large livery stable. At the Falls of St. Anthony there are now four saws, one 'whistle and one lathe machine. A village has sprung up there within a few months; a large hotel is also under contract, and will soon be ready for the reception of visitors. Regular packets are now running between Galena, Stillwater, St. Paul and St. Peters; also from St. Louis a daily boat may be depended upon; these packets are of the first class, the fare low and accommodations equalled by none; at every point on the river the producer finds a market; all he has to do is to raise a flag, and the first boat stops and takes whatever he may have to dispose of. Every boat that goes up is loaded with goods and supplies, and many are engaged as traders; they supply the inhabitants at their doors with such articles as they may stand in need of.—N. Y. Tribune.

The State Gazette, printed at Burlington, Iowa, says: 'The population of the new territory (Minnesota) is at present very limited, and is almost entirely confined to the eastern bank of the Mississippi and the north bank of the St. Croix. The town of St. Paul on the former, five miles below St. Peters, contains some 400 or 500 inhabitants, and Stillwater, on the St. Croix, is somewhat larger. These, we believe, are the only villages worth naming in Minnesota. The principal settlement is on the St. Croix, a stream possessing great hydraulic advantages, and the banks of which are covered with inexhaustible supplies of pine. A large number of mills are in active operation at various points, running several hundred saws, and giving employment to one-half of the entire population of the territory. Indeed, we are led to believe from reliable information, that the country lying between the Mississippi and Lake Superior is chiefly valuable for its lumber, and it may be, mineral resources. For farming purposes it is of but little value, being full of swamps, lakes and marshes. The country west of the Mississippi is by far the best portion of Minnesota; but unfortunately the lands all belong to the Indians, and there is no place to which settlers can at present be invited. No time should be lost by the government in obtaining if possible a cession of a portion of these lands. There is a beautiful strip of country lying along the shore of Lake Pepin, owned by the Sioux half-breeds, which would be speedily occupied if thrown open to white settlement. The property of Minnesota demands that every exertion be made to induce the owners of these lands to dispose of them to the government.

SALE OF PAINTING IN NEW YORK.—The sale of the late and valuable collection of paintings belonging to M. de la Forest, late French Consul General, was commenced on Wednesday last. The New York Express says that the sale was well attended, and that some of the pictures brought very high prices. The total amount sold was about \$400,000, but the most valuable portion were to be disposed of on Thursday.

The Emancipation Convention.

The Frankfort Commonwealth in speaking of the convention, remarks: 'We attended the convention, and have aimed to make the report of its proceedings as full, accurate, and faithful as practicable—believing that our patrons and the public generally would be anxious to see a somewhat extended report of the action of a body, assembled to consider a question which is likely to produce no little excitement in our State for some time to come. It is, perhaps, the first general convention of the citizens of Kentucky, favorable to the organization of an emancipation party, ever held in the State; and a regard for truth compels us to say that we have never seen, on any occasion, here or elsewhere, a more intelligent and respectable body of men. Our report is, of course, nothing more than a mere outline or skeleton of the debate—the various propositions submitted are given in the precise language of the movers, and we have endeavored to give the substance of the remarks of the speakers.

It is well known that we do not sympathize with the feelings or sentiments of the friends of emancipation. Were we convinced of the policy of emancipation, as an abstract question, we should oppose any action now, because we have not seen or heard, anywhere or from any body, a plan by which, in our judgment, the work can be accomplished. The policy of emancipation, with colonization, is one thing; but the means of effecting emancipation and colonization is quite a different thing. It may be that we are at fault in our judgment upon this question. Our opinion, however, is honestly entertained—formed after the most deliberate consideration.

But we set down, not to argue the question of emancipation, but to say a few words to our friends—those who concur with us upon this question. We have seen and heard, on the part of many of the pro-slavery men in this State—both of the press and the people—a disposition to stigmatize all emancipationists as abolitionists, and to apply to them, individually and as a party, the most abusive and offensive epithets. To say the least of it, it can do no good, and is in bad taste. If the men who are prominent in this movement were foreigners—not of our State—mere interlopers, who came to disturb the peace and quiet of our people, to intermeddle in our affairs, and to destroy institutions in which they are in no wise interested—these might be some reason in using against them these offensive terms. But those engaged in this movement, so far at least as we may judge of them from their representatives recently assembled here, are generally native-born Kentuckians—men of the first respectability; in point of talent and social position, having no superiors in the State. Many of them are the sons and descendants of the early pioneers of the West, and not a few of them are the descendants of those who participated in the formation of the present constitution of the State—the supreme law, under which we have lived for fifty years, and have won a name for chivalry and personal and national integrity of which our people will be proud. Nor are they, as a body, politicians or agitators—not designing men, fond of strife and confusion. As a class, they are plain, sober, discreet—men—a large majority of them farmers, mechanics, and artisans, who, however much in error we may believe them to be, are in this matter, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt, moved by an honest conviction that their cause is just—that the scheme they propose will redound to the honor and the glory and the prosperity of the Commonwealth. It is of such men, we say, that the emancipation party is composed, so far as we are able to judge from what we have seen of it.

Now, we respectfully, and with great deference, suggest to our friends to pause and consider how, in what manner, and in what degree the cause of truth is to be advanced by the use of offensive and dishonoring terms toward such adversaries. In ordinary controversies, the lavish use of 'hard words' and offensive epithets is regarded as a very strong evidence of either the weakness of the cause or the imbecility of the advocate. The fact that this is an extraordinary controversy may not exempt it from the operation of this almost universal rule. Rest assured of it—and we speak in all sincerity what we feel to be true—these men are not to be met, or if met, they are not to be vanquished by any such weapons. They are, as was truly remarked by one of their orators, 'of all denominations, of all pursuits in life, all political parties—divided on all questions but this—upon this they are of one heart.' They will harangue the people every where, and they will be listened to; of this there cannot be a doubt. We may call them abolitionists, or what we please. Those terms will very soon grow stale and flat. They will not answer the arguments of the emancipationists, nor will they, for any great length of time, if at all, prevent the people giving to those arguments a fair consideration. They must be met by argument—also we have reason to fear that which now appears as but a speck in the horizon will spread until it shall cover the whole face of the heavens—until it shall burst upon us, and utterly overwhelm us.

Rate of Postage.

The following summary of the rates of postage, under the law of March last, has been revised by the Assistant Postmaster of the city of New York:

Letters not exceeding half an ounce, not over 300 miles, 5 cents; over 300 miles, 10 cents. Over half an ounce and not exceeding one ounce, double these rates. Any fractional excess over an ounce is always counted as an ounce.

Ship letters, delivered where received, 5 cents; if conveyed by mail 2 cents added to the usual postage. On letters deposited in a post-office for ship 1 cent.

Handbills, circulars, and advertisements, not exceeding one sheet, unsealed, any distance 3 cents, prepaid.

Newspapers sent from the office of publication, not exceeding 190 square inches, under 100 miles, or within the State, 1 cent; over 100 miles, and out of the State, 1.12 cents. Over 190 square inches, the same rates as pamphlet postage. Transient newspapers the same rates, prepaid.

Pamphlets of all descriptions, not exceeding one ounce, 2.12 cents a copy; for each additional ounce, 1 cent. A fractional excess less than a half ounce, is not counted; if a half ounce or more, it is counted as an ounce.

Drop letters, two cents. Letters advertised are charged the cost of advertising, not to exceed four cents. Letter-carriers in cities receive on letters not over two cents; on newspapers and pamphlets, half a cent. Way letters, one cent extra.

FOREIGN SEA POSTAGE.—Letters—for the United States Territories on the Pacific, for a single half ounce or less, 40 cents, prepaid or not. For Havana 12.12 cents, Chagres 20 cents, Panama 30 cents, prepaid.

The whole postage from any post-office in the United States, to or from Great Britain or Ireland, by American or English mail steamers, for a single half ounce or less, 24 cents, prepaid or not.

For Bremen, by American steamers, 24 cents, a single half ounce, or less, prepaid or not—the usual inland postage to be added.

For other foreign countries, if sent by British steamers, United States inland postage, any distance, five cents a single half ounce, ten cents an ounce, prepaid.

If sent by American steamers to go through the British mail, the whole postage, from any United States post-office, is 21 cents a single half ounce, prepaid. If sent by American steamers, all letters for France, Holland, the Netherlands, and Spain must be prepaid.

NEWSPAPERS AND PAMPHLETS.—Sea postage three cents, inside inland postage, both prepaid. But to or from Great Britain or Ireland, the total postage from any United States post-office is on a newspaper two cents, and on a pamphlet one cent for each ounce or fractional excess, both prepaid. Sea postage on price currents, three cents, with inland postage added.

WILLIAM PITT.

Pitt was tall and thin, with a gloomy, sneering expression. His language was cold, his intonation monotonous, his gestures without the lucidness and fluency of his ideas, and his logical reasoning, illuminated by sudden flashes of eloquence, made his abilities something extraordinary. I saw Pitt pretty often, he walked across St. James's Park, from his house, on his way to the king. George III., on his side, had perhaps just arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer from pepper-pots with the farmers of the neighborhood; he crossed the ugly courtyard of his royal palace in a dark carriage, followed by a few horse-guards. This was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six millions are the masters of India.

Pitt, in a black coat and waist-length sword, with his hair uncurled, wore a pair of trousers and three steps at a time; on his way he only saw a few idlers, and glancing disdainfully at us, passed on with a pale face and head thrown back. This great financier maintained no other in his own house, he had no regular hours for his meals nor his sleep. Plunged in debt, he paid nothing, and could not make up his mind to add up a bill. A valet managed his household affairs. His dinner, without wine, without passion, eager for power alone, he despised honors, and would be nothing but William Pitt—Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house in the month of June, 1825; and on his way thither, pointed out to me the small house where died in poverty the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who brought all Europe into the war, and distributed with his own hands all the millions of the earth.—Memoirs of Chateaubriand.

Official.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 1, 1849.

The Receipts into the Treasury during the quarter ending the 31st of March last were—

From customs, \$8,774,000 00

From land sales, 1,000,000 00

From sales of 1847, 65,000 00

From loan of 1848, 2,191,200 00

From miscellaneous sources, 114,000 00

\$11,069,200 00

The expenditures during the same period were—

Civil, miscellaneous, and foreign interest, \$2,772,000 00

On account of the army, 1,000,000 00

On account of the navy, 1,000,000 00

On account of the Indian Department, 1,000,000 00

On account of the Pensioners, 1,000,000 00

On account of the Public Debt, 1,000,000 00

Interest of Treasury notes and public debt, 1,000,000 00

Reimbursement of Treasury notes, 1,000,000 00

Redemption of Treasury notes, 1,000,000 00

ed, including, 100 00

\$11,130,000 00

W. M. MERRITT,

Secretary of the Treasury.

Treasury Notes Outstanding, May 1, 1849.

Registered Office, May 1, 1849.

Amount outstanding of the several issues prior to the 31st of March last, \$104,330 31

From the sale of 1847, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1848, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1849, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1850, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1851, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1852, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1853, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1854, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1855, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1856, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1857, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1858, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1859, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1860, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1861, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1862, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1863, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1864, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1865, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1866, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1867, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1868, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1869, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1870, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1871, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1872, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1873, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1874, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1875, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1876, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1877, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1878, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1879, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1880, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1881, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1882, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1883, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1884, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1885, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1886, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1887, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1888, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1889, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1890, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1891, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1892, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1893, 135,800 00

From the sale of 1894, 135,800 00

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For Bremen, by American steamers, 24 cents, a single half ounce, or less, prepaid or not—the usual inland

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The World is full of Beauty.

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft language wins me
To listen to its sighs and moans.
Till tears start to mine eyes,
Deep from my soul it rings,
Like hidden melody,
And ever more it sings,
This song of love to me—
"The world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

When plenty's round us smiling,
Why waste this life for bread?
Why are we crushed by millions toiling,
Grown—grown in rags—unfed?
The sunny hills and valleys
Blaze blue with fruit and grain;
But the lordling in the palace
Still robs his fellow-men.
O God! what hosts are trampled
Amid this press of gold;
What noble hearts are crushed of life,
What spirits lose their hold!

And yet upon this God-blessed earth
There's room for every one;
Ungrudging food still ripens,
To waste, rot in the sun.
If cold were not an idol,
We might be wiser and more worth,
Oh, there would be a bridal
Betwixt high heaven and earth!
We would not utter dull language,
Angels might talk with men,
And God himself might smile,
The golden age again.

For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea—
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of love to me;
"The world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

From Chambers' Journal.

The Captain's Story.

A PENINSULAR ADVENTURE.

In the neighborhood of the Haymarket, London, there are several minor chess, whist, and gossip clubs, held principally at the end of an apartment which, for club evenings, is sacred to the members, consisting chiefly of supernumerary clerks, actors and other professional mediocrities, with a sprinkling of substantial, steady tradesmen. In one of these modest gatherings Captain Smith, an extremely communicative and anecdotal gentleman, may occasionally be met with, surrounded by an attentive circle of admiring friends, listening, with all their ears, to one of the many marvelous adventures it has been his lot to encounter during a wandering and varied life. He is not a frequent visitor; his tastes inclining him to scenes of more boisterous conviviality than cigars and coffee, with a seasoning of theatrical and political gossip, can afford or supply; and he accordingly uses those, to him hum-drum assemblies, only as resting or halting-places between more exciting orgies; valuable chiefly for affording him listeners, much more easily amused and astonished than men of larger life-adventure and experience. He is, however, a real captain, and I fancy some thing of a hero too, in the conventional use of the term, as he seems to have very different, and I believe, much truer notions of war and glory, than gentlemen who shout about "bright swords," and dilate with periphrastic unctious "red battle-fields." A little active man is he, and stiff as a ramrod within. His harsh stubby hair is brushed in one particular direction with parade precision; and his high bald forehead, when in convivial mood, glimmers as brightly as his sharp grey eyes, which one can see with half a eye, have been wide open all his life. He rose, it is understood, though he never mentions it himself—perhaps from a feeling of modesty, a quality, albeit, in which, like most field heroes, he is somewhat deficient—from the ranks. From his perfect knowledge of the Spanish tongue, (he passed his youth at Gibraltar, with occasional trips to the Spanish coast with his father, who turned an honest penny in the smuggling line), he was frequently employed during the Peninsular war by the British commanders in the very necessary, but extremely ticklish duty of making himself personally acquainted with the state of the French camps and fortresses—in other words as a spy; an exceedingly uncomfortable office for any gentleman troubled with "nerves." Captain Smith frequently thanks God that he never had any to his knowledge, in his life; no more—he sometimes says, after reading the debates—no more than a member of parliament.

Thus much premised, suppose we step in for a minute, and make his acquaintance. That is the captain with his back to the fire. The gentleman who has just handed him a cigar, and is addressing such martial queries to the old campaigner, is a neighboring barbershopper. Just before we entered, he inquired, as is his nightly wont, if the waiter was sure the clock was quite right. He is always a little nervous about the time, as his spouse is apt to be unpleasantly lively for a lady of her colloquial and other powers, if he is not at home at half-past ten precisely. He loves peace "at home," as much as he seems to delight in war "abroad," and is consequently extremely punctual. But see, Tape is tapping the captain again. The veteran can not fail to flow forth presently; at first, perhaps, a little jerkily—glug, glug, glug—but after a little coaxing, in the freest, easiest style imaginable.

"A splendid march, Captain Smith, that of Wellington upon Ciudad Rodrigo!" "Stoopy, Mr. Tape, stoopy; nothing but mud, and snow, and slush." Winter-time; I remember it well, replied Captain Smith. "Beautiful account Napier gives of it," rejoined the martial Tape. "Wellington," he says, "jumped on the devoted fortress with both feet!"

"Does Napier say that?" demanded the veteran, knocking the consumed ashes off the end of his cigar on the mantelpiece. "Does Napier say that?" "Yes indeed he does," replied the matter-of-fact captain. "The lightest, longest-legged of the 'Light Bobs' couldn't have done it, much less the duke. The duke's short in the legs—sets high in the saddle, though—long body, dumpy legs. Could no more do it than he could fly; didn't try either. All a sham!"

Mr. Tape explained that the jumping was metaphorical; and, after a time, Captain Smith seemed to have acquired a misty notion of what was meant. Still it was, he said, a very bad way of writing "history," which species of composition should, he emphatically observed, be all facts, and no mistakes.

"The retreat from Burgos was a masterly affair," persisted warrior Tape; "masterly indeed—uncommon!" "I dare say it was; and as you seem to admit it so much, I wish you had been one of the 'pioneers under the master,' just to see how it was done, and how agreeable

stomach, I suggested that we should first dine, and then perhaps I might hit upon something for poor Pedro's benefit. Marietta agreed with me; and we had, considering that her husband and my dearest friend was to be shot the day after the next, a very nice, comfortable dinner indeed—very—and some capital wine afterwards; and then, gentlemen, the father of mischief, or the wine, or Marietta's black eyes, I don't know which, perhaps all together, induced me to make as eponymous a proposal as ever fell from the lips of a great cockney.

"There are clever, sensible men in the city," interjected Tape, as the captain paused an instant to supply himself with a fresh cigar. "Perhaps so, Mr. Tape, but those gentlemen seldom volunteer into the army, I believe. I know," said the veteran, continuing his narrative, "that I might as well write up to a milestone, and expect it to get up and turn partners, as ask the general in command of the division about forty miles off to rescue Pedro from the grasp of the Spanish authorities. The British general never meddled with the administration of Spanish justice under any pretence whatever; but I also knew that if he received a message stating that I was in danger, he was bound by general order to afford me every assistance in his power."

"Marietta," said I at last—the wine must have been unusually strong—I have hit upon it. We'll save Pedro yet, in spite of them all!" The pretty creature jumped up, clapped her hands, and sobbing, laughing and talking, all in a breath, exclaimed, "Dear Ingles, I knew you would!" "You, Marietta," said I, as soon as she was sufficiently calmed to listen, go to Ramez and the alcalde, and tell them you will deliver into their hands the famous Afrancesado, my Henriquez Bajol, on condition of their releasing Pedro. If they consent denounce me. "You, Henriquez," said she, staring bewilderedly. "Never you mind," I replied. "A note to General Picton—I'll write it myself, will soon get me out of their clutches, whoever I am."

"Now mind, Marietta," said I, solemnly, "that Pedro sets off with this note the instant he is liberated. How soon can he reach the General on foot?" "By tomorrow night," she answered. "Very well; and now then about it once." She was off in a twinkling, and I was at leisure to reflect on what I had done. To tell the truth, I did not, after a few minutes' quiet cogitation, feel excessively comfortable. "They would be certain to believe the story," Henriquez being, I was sure, known to none of them personally. I was a practical doctor more like a Spaniard than an Englishman; and I spoke the language so well—not altogether grammatically, it is true, but so like a native of the south of Spain—that I felt I should have some difficulty, should occasion require it, to deceive them. Then they had such a pestilent way of making not only sure but short work with whoever they suspected of commerce with the hated French, that it flashed unpleasantly across my mind—the general's light might per chance arrive too late! However, I was in for it; and so, taking another glass of wine, and re-filling my pipe—there's great philosophy in a pipe, we all know—I awaited the result of my charming scheme as calmly as I could.

"It was not long coming. About half an hour after Marietta's departure the door was slammed open, and I found myself sprawling and kicking, or rather sprawling and trying to kick, for they wouldn't let me, in the arms of five or six ugly rascals, who, showering upon me all the time the vilest abuse, hurried me off to prison. Into it they thrust me like a dog; and there, where I could recover breath and speech, I greeted Pedro, my fellow-prisoner. The alcalde and Ramez had only promised to release him, and of course, when the object was gained, refused to abide by the bargain. If I had not been the most consummate ass that ever browsed or brayed, I might have guessed as much. Ramez had now two victims, and that promised a double holiday.

"Well, gentlemen, this was, you may suppose, a very unpleasant situation to find myself in; but as, thank Heaven, I was never much troubled with nerves, I did not so much mind it after a bit. Marietta, I was sure, would be off to the General with her best speed when she saw the ugly turn matters were taking; so that if my captors were not in a very patriotic hurry indeed, there was a chance on the cards yet. Pedro obtained some signs of the jailer, an old acquaintance of his; they were first rate, and we both became gradually calm and composed. Ah, gentlemen, I have often thought that if the moral observations I addressed that evening to my friend Pedro, upon the duty of respecting national prejudices, particularly with regard to sheltering wounded fugitives, and the shocking folly of making rash engagements with young women, especially after dinner, had been taken down by a short-hand writer, they would have raised me to the next rank after Solomon!"

"No doubt of it," said Tape, looking nervously at the clock; "but do get on, captain; don't stop, don't!" "I will not, Tape; but next day you hurry me as they did. Well, the next day I was dragged before the alcalde and that rascal Ramez, where, to my very great and most unpleasant surprise, two men, guerrilla soldiers, swore that they had frequently seen me in communication with the French outposts, and that they verily believed me to be no other than the infamous Henriquez. Vainly I protested, finding the thing was getting much too serious, that I was an English officer; my assertions were laughed at, and I was reconveyed to my dungeon, after having heard myself sentenced to be shot at the same hour, which was to see the last of Pedro. Mr. Tape, please to touch the bell. I'll take another cup; for my tongue always feels dry and hot when I come to this part of the story."

Mr. Tape did as he was desired, quickly, and bade the waiter who answered the summons "jump about." The anxious barbershopper had but just three minutes to spare. "That, gentlemen," continued the captain, "was a very uncomfortable night. I was never, from a child, particularly fond of water drinking; but I remember crawling along the straw many times during the night, and almost emptying both pitchers. At one o'clock we were to suffer, to be shot to death by half a dozen rusty muskets. I was dreadfully agitated! Day dawned at last; six, seven, eight, nine, ten o'clock tinkled through the jail; the door opened, and in stalked Ramez and the alcalde, followed by the rusty shooting-party. We were politely informed that 'time was up,' and that we must both come to the scullery at once, as the spectators didn't like to be kept waiting. They then kindly pinioned us, and away we marched. You never, perhaps, walked in your own funeral procession, Tape, did you?" "Lord, Captain Smith, how can you ask such a horrid question!"

"Well, if you ever should, you'll remember, that's all. Seeing King Lear is nothing to it, though that's reckoning pretty deep. On we marched, the priests praying, the bells tolling, and the infernal musketry going on as if to make up their minds exactly where to have the pleasure of hitting us. One scoundrel, with a short, ugly snout, an apology of a nose, meant, I could see, to send his bullet through my Roman. Altogether, it was the most disagreeable walk I ever took in my life. We soon arrived at the place of sacrifice, and were ordered to kneel down. "Pedro," said I, "that fellow of a wife of yours has played us a sweet trick; but perhaps she'll arrive in time, if she comes at all, to return thanks for all the good things we are about to receive; and that's a consolation anyway." I then took another look in the direction in which the expected savior ought to appear, when I saw, and tried to rub my eyes with my elbows to make sure I saw, but couldn't, a horseman on the summit of the hill; it was Marietta! I roared out like a raging bull, and Pedro gave chorus. As soon as Marietta caught sight of what was going on, she curbed her horse sharply back, and beckoned with eager gestures over the hill. A minute afterwards the ridge was crowned by half a regiment of British dragoons. The instant they saw us, they gave one loud cheer, and came on like a whirlwind.

"A narrow escape, Smith!" said the commanding officer. "But come, mount at once. There is a large French force in the neighborhood, and the general's orders are not to halt an instant." I was delighted to hear it. The less said was, I felt, the sooner mended. If the general, thought I, were informed why he had been put in this predicament, our meeting would scarcely be a very amicable one. "Who is this?" said the officer, pointing to Pedro, who, though he had hallooed lustily, was by no means out of the wood. "One of ours," I boldly replied. "Then mount, my good fellow, at once," replied he, motioning to one of the led horses. Pedro understood the gesture, though he didn't the language; and giving Marietta, who had unpinioned him, one hug, was in the saddle in a jiffy. "Out of the way," cried the commanding officer to the alcalde, who, instigated by Ramez, was approaching to claim Pedro at last lawful prize. "Out of the way, fellow!" and he struck him sharply with the flat of his sword. The frightened fugitive tumbled out of our path; the bugle sounded, and we were off, safe, sound, and merry.

"Bravo!—Hurra!—Hurra!" resounded in irregular chorus through the room. Tape was off like a shot; the unfortunate man was full seven minutes behind his time. "Gentlemen," said Captain Smith, after the applause had subsided, "do not, if you please, forget the moral of my story. Every thing, the chaplain used to say, has a useful moral—even short rations—though I never could agree with him to that extent. The moral of this adventure I take to be this: Never, under any circumstances, assume to be what you are not; for if shot or hanged in a wrong character, you will never be able to amend the errors of description."

Experiences of Literature and Literary Men.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

I have been told that Jekyll, being employed against an apothecary once, who kept country house, said in the course of his speech: "Methinks I see this modern Esculapius, retired to his Sabine Farm, cultivating his plants with his spade, watering them with his springs, and reclining under the shade of his Peruvian bark!" He wrote the life of Ignatius Sancho prefixed to the letters of that African, who had corresponded with Garrick and Sterne. Jekyll's features were small, and his countenance pale; his eyes indicated great acuteness.

The first novel which I could ever call my own was Moore's "Zeluco," in the contents of which, I remember, I did not feel half so much interested as in its mere possession. Moore was a cold, heavy writer; but his knowledge of the world made him the vehicle of much information. He was, I believe, the tutor of the present Duke of Hamilton, who has seen not a little of this world's good and evil doings. Moore, however, knew how to observe, and he was a keen and accurate observer. He wrote the life of Ignatius Sancho prefixed to the letters of that African, who had corresponded with Garrick and Sterne. Jekyll's features were small, and his countenance pale; his eyes indicated great acuteness.

I was in company with Coleridge but once or twice. My opinion was, and is, that his abilities were superior to any other individual of the Lake school, but that he idly gave up all, for the most evanescent of qualifications that "foolishness of talking," for which he grew famous, to gratify his self-love. The "Genevieve" of Coleridge is worth, to my remembrance, all that Southey ever wrote of poetry, throwing Lamb down the scale. I remember Coleridge laid down a law for reviewers. He insisted that they should never know more of an author than the work before them told. He was answered—then, if Bill Smeaton picked pockets, and published a treatise on horsemanship, the book was to be reviewed as the work of an honest man. It was an excellent mode to cover the principles of turncoatry, and suffer lapses in honesty of profession to go unscot-free. Coleridge insisted upon his argument being the sound side of the question. I could recite "Genevieve" as soon as it appeared, and it never lost its hold upon my mind. His "Ode to the Departed Year" is also among my early remembrances. There appeared in this author's or talker's mind to be a little of everything amplified. Start what subject you might, Coleridge came out upon it wall. He elaborated, illustrated, or speculated.—Jekyll's Note.

Literary Importance of William Henry Ireland.

The Shakespeare forgeries of William Ireland form a curious, if not very edifying passage in the literary history of the last century. An imposture on a grander scale was never conceived or executed; and perhaps we may add, with all respect to the learned celebrities who were deceived by it, that dupes more easily satisfied, more credulous and unsuspecting, were never met with. It must be admitted that a very opportune period was chosen for the imposture; and, taking into consideration the youth of the individual by whom it was perpetrated—that he had not at the time attained his twentieth year—it must also be confessed that it was carried out with considerable cleverness and ingenuity. William Henry Ireland was the son of

a tall grenadier, led between two bluff tass to the hospital, moving at the pace of an infant, death in his features, the cheek bones sticking out sharply from his face, the clear eyes, the whispering hollow voice. "Wounded, my good man! you are in pain!" "No, no, only weak, weak." The horrible fever that attenuates life by inches was on him. Hundreds were taken in this way to the barracks and hospitals until the buildings were crammed, and thence to the grave. All who had spare beds gave them up to officers, many of whom were not in a much better state than the men. The best looked as they had been clad out of a second-hand shop. I allude more particularly to the infantry, the cavalry had been previously embarked. There was great confusion at the embarkation, though all were safely got off. A naval lieutenant, whom I knew, commanded in the boats upon this service, going backwards and forwards from the ships to the shore. He told me that he had scarcely two men of the same regiment in his boat at one time. The embarkation of the wounded was very painful. Men at their last gasp imploring not to be left behind, while every movement in conveying them caused intense suffering. The masters of several of the transports got frightened in consequence of the French firing a few shots at them from some field pieces and ran aground, or there would not have been the slightest loss. One of the line of battle ships turning her broadside towards the French and giving them a few of her heavy shots, sent them off at a full trot. I saw two or three rifles of the 95th regiment without owners, of which my friend took care; the men were probably in some other vessel. "Come, my men, get in, we shall quickly return for more of you," was lost upon them. It was needless to shove off per force when full. Vigorously did Jack work to save the "lobster backs," as he called them in those days, and most kindly did he divide his allowance of food with them. I had a room at an inn. The innkeeper came to me and asked part of it for an officer, at once ushering him in. That officer was the present Sir Edward Kerrison, K.B., who, I recollect, had a broken arm. Death, in spite of every attention, laid numbers low, for disease in war commits ravages as great as the sword.

This reminds me not to pass unmentioned a short-lived acquaintance which I made with a gallant man, Governor McCarthy, because of his most melancholy end, now a matter of history. He had not been in England for twenty years, had been Governor of Honduras, and had come home for a short time on his way to Sierra Leone, where he had also been just appointed Governor. He had been the survivor of thousands of British soldiers who had died of fever in the West Indies, and was by this time perfectly acclimated. He was a strong, bulky man, above six feet high. I expressed my fears that he might find the African fever more formidable than that of the West Indies. He said he was seasoned; he had passed his better years in the midst of pestilence; and you too, Major Kavanaugh, he said, addressing the officer who had just introduced him to me, "you saw enough of fever horrors at St. Domingo and Port Royal, when we lost 500 men of a corps embarked in two frigates, in one fortnight." "Yes," replied the major, "I lived through it all. I kept drunk, or at least was never sober, or I should have died of the sight; this kept off the fever." "Aye," said McCarthy, "I have never been home till now, and you have had time to become a strong and sober man again." Unfortunately, poor McCarthy, to whom the dreadful African fever that destroyed so many governors of Sierra Leone in succession did no harm, led an attack principally of black troops, against the King of Ashantee. His black troops fled, and the Governor was killed. They cut his head off, and carried it away as a trophy.

Among the novelists prior to the avator of Scott, whom I have not already recalled to recollection, was Bane, the author of "Hermesprong, or man as he is not." He had written "Man as he is," and several other ingenious works, but I forget their titles. He died, I believe, about the time that the Edinburgh Review started, and though at the age generally given as the utmost allotment of human life, he wrote his best works last. Some of his novels were republished by Scott in "Ballantyne's Library." He was far superior to the common run of novelists, who seek only to amuse, it matters not how. He endeavored to inculcate certain religious and political opinions with no small ability. Two of his works were the "Pair Syrian," and "Barham Downs." His writings possess great originality of manner, but I remember only "Hermesprong," and that afforded me great pleasure.

Believing himself possessed of a most invaluable treasure—in spite of the protestations of his son, who dreaded and foresaw the exposure of the fraud—Mr. Saml. Ireland determined on publishing the "discoveries," and in the year 1796 printed a large proportion of them in fine folio volume, under the title of "Miscellaneous papers and legal instruments under hand and seal of William Shakespeare, including the tragedy of King Lear, &c., in the possession of Samuel Ireland." A very slight examination of this volume would, it has been thought, have shown the transparency of the fraud. The orthography adopted by Ireland was ludicrously inaccurate. The redundancy of consonants in nearly every word had a very grotesque appearance, and was by no means characteristic of the age of Shakespeare. Thus for "one gentleman," the orthography was "owne gentlemellemanne." Although Shakespeare had "little Latin," he would never have committed the blunder of "Gloster's exile," (for exit.) The concluding lines of Lear's denunciation of his daughter—

"—Thou shalt feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

were thus distorted:

"—thatt she maye
Knowe sharpe and lyte a serpentes toothe it is
to have a thanklesse childe."

Without wishing unnecessarily, to multiply examples of this ridiculous orthography, we will quote the title of King Lear, as it appears in the volume: "The Tragedye of Kyng Lear, asse fromme Mastere Hollinsheede. I have in somme litle departedde fromme hymne, butte blattede bye mye gentile readeres."

"Gentle readers," we need not remind our readers, were not appealed to by the dramatists of Shakespeare's time, whose great object was to prevent their works from being printed, and thus getting into the hands of rival companies.

The mode in which Ireland accounted for the possession of the manuscript of Lear and other treasures is so curious, (perhaps the proper word would be imprudent,) that we cannot help referring to it. He drew up a deed, in which he represented Shakespeare bequeathing them to one of his aposters, an intimate friend of the poet, in acknowledgment of a special service he had rendered him. Divested of its grotesque orthography, the document, after the usual preamble, runs thus:

"Whereas, on or about the 3d day of the last month of August, having with my good

friend Master William Henry Ireland and others, taken boat near unto my house aforesaid, we did propose going up the Thames, but those that were to conduct us being much too merry through liquor, but myself saved myself by swimming, for though the water was deep, yet our family for them knowing the aforesaid art, Master Ireland not seeing me did ask for me, but one of the company did answer that I was drowning; on the which he pulled off his jerkin and jumped in after me. With much pains he dragged me forth, I being then nearly dead, and so he did save my life; and for the which service I do hereby give him as followeth: first, my written play of Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, King John, King Lear, as also my written play never printed, which I have named King Henry the Third," &c.

One would think that to have believed all this required a greater degree of credulity than usually falls to the lot of critics. An original letter, purporting to have been written to Shakespeare by Queen Elizabeth, is a forgery almost equally daring. We print it as it appears in the volume:

"We didde receive yourre pretty verses goodde Masterre William through the hands of our Lorde Chamberlayne ande we doo complemente thee onee thyre greete excellence We shall departe fromme London to Hamptonwe for the holidays where we shalle expecte thee with thyre beste actors thatte thou mayste playe before ourselfe to amuse usse beut not slowe butte comme too usse by Tuesdaye next asse the lorde Leicesterre will be wide use."

"Thys lettere I dydde receyvee fromme nyre moste gracyouse Ladye Elizabeth ande I doo requeste itte maye be kepte with alle care possyble."

"Wm. SHAKESPEARE."

Amongst the papers, also, was an amatory epistle to Anne "Hatherway," in which was enclosed a lock of the poet's hair. The letter is not long, but its affect grandiloquence is rather amusing. "I pray you," it commences, "perfume this my poor lock with thy balmy kisses, for then indeed shall kings themselves bow and pay homage to it. I do assure thee that no rich hand hath knotted it; thy Willy's gilded bauble that environs the head of majesty, no, nor honors most wealthy, would give me half the joy as did this, my little work for thee." There is also a paper of verses, inscribed to the same lady; the style of which, as will appear from a short specimen, is not quite worthy Shakespeare:

"Is there in heaven aught more rare
Than thou sweet nymph of Avoa fair!
Is there on earth a man more true,
Than Willy Shakespeare is to you?"

The last document we shall notice, is a "Deed of trust to John Flemming," drawn up by Shakespeare himself, who states in the preamble, as a reason for being his own attorney, that he has "found much wickedness among those of the law," and does not like "to leave matters at their will."

The most daring part of the imposture, however, remains to be told. On the 2d of April, 1796, the play of *Vortigern and Rowena*, "from the pen of Shakespeare," was announced for representation at Drury Lane Theatre. Public excitement was at its height. As the evening approached, every avenue to the theatre was thronged with anxious crowds, eager to obtain admission. When the doors were opened, there was a furious rush, and thousands, it is said, were turned disappointed away. The play had been put on the stage with unexampled care. Mr. Kemble himself unattended the part of Vortigern. The imposture, however, was too palpable to deceive an intelligent audience, as will appear by the following characteristic account of the performance, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper of the 4th of April—"The first act in every line of it spoke itself a palpable forgery; but it was heard with candor. The second and third grew more intolerable; thus 'bad began, but were reminded behind.' In the fourth, 'murmurs, like the hollow-sounding surge, broke loudly forth.' In the fifth act, the opposition became seriously angry, and on Mr. Kemble repeating the significant line—

"'I would this solemn mockery were o'er!'" he was not allowed to proceed for several minutes. An attempt was made to announce the play for repetition, but the unanimous voice of the public having pronounced the imposture, it was wisely withdrawn.

The failure of *Vortigern* was a death-blow to the fraud; but it must occasion no slight surprise that such a barefaced forgery should have succeeded so far. Without possessing the genius of Catton, it cannot be denied that Ireland exhibited a large amount of misdirected industry. At the time of the completion of *Vortigern*, he was only nineteen. The play was written and transcribed in secret, and at solemn intervals; and if we may take his own word, "he appeared in public at the same time as much as he could, in order to make the world believe he was a giddy, thoughtless youth, incapable of producing the poem." The closing scene of the comedy—may be so we may style the whole affair—may be readily anticipated. Gratiified by the notoriety he had acquired, Ireland was easily induced to publish a full and free confession of his fraud. He hastened to take upon himself the whole responsibility, and anxiously endeavored to expiate his imposture from any participation in the circumstances seemed to warrant the suspicion that father and son were equally implicated, and even the latter's solemn declaration to the contrary, could not remove the impression that had been made on the public mind.

Mr. Samuel Ireland died in the year 1800, and it has been asserted that his days were shortened by the exposure of the shameful fraud of which he had been made the dupe. The son subsequently published in his own name many plays, novels, and poems, which are now almost forgotten. His death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as having taken place on the 15th of April, 1835; and it may be further stated, that up to that period he had kept, and that he carried with him to his grave, the significant sobriquet of *Shakespeare Ireland*.

The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or the boudoir, she is not a help-mate, but an incumbrance.

A very superficial young man observed in the presence of the learned Dr. Parr, that he "never believed anything he could not understand."

"Then yours must be a remarkably short creed," observed the Doctor.